

# SOULSCRIPT

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ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SIXTH DISCOURSE

## **Mental Speech:**

Knowing What Clairaudience Is, and How to  
Respond to It Intelligently



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## These Are My Pronouncements



THESE are my pronouncements: in that ye have said, Elder Brother, instruct us that we may be wise, so have ye reported yourselves unto the Host as being of profit in the plight now upon you. In that ye have said, Father, forgive men for they know not what they do, so have ye said, Father, forgive us our earthly transgressions, yea even again that doctrine which beholdeth our divinity. I come bringing you a fairer cup than any ye have quaffed; I come offering you a sweeter book than any ye have sung from. I come offering you myself, and in that ye partake of me, ye have knowledge of your godhood of which ye are essence. May your goodly ministrations be as a lodestone drawing earthly men unto you, that they may see your goodly works and believe in the Father: may the thoughts of your hearts be as wisdom eternal to bring the lost sheep to the fold of tranquillity. Thus I send you forth to minister unto others: thus I give you errand where men sit together . . . Arise and do a goodly labor in this, my vineyard, and when the workers assemble in purity may they know you for your ministries: those who have endured to gain unto greatness!

PEACE





*Knowing What Clairaudience  
Is, and How to Respond  
to It Intelligently*



ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SIXTH DISCOURSE

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DEAR SPIRITUAL FRIENDS THROUGHOUT AMERICA:



WE ARE drawing near the terminus of the outstanding papers and lectures that I have had dictated to me by Extra-Sensory Perception up the past twenty-eight years. One million, one hundred and forty-six thousand words have been contained in these published SOULSCRIPTS to the moment but of Extra-Sensory Perception, or Clairaudience itself, I have said very little. It occurred to me in checking over my books of manuscript recently that this conspectus concerning it, imparted by a mentor in the accompanying Revelation, might be included with some profit in this series before it closes.

The dictionary defines Clairaudience as preternaturally clear or acute hearing, especially of what is not ordinarily discernible by the normal auditory channels or attributes, applying technically to what may be sounded from another dimension of Time or Space. Ordinarily, to the honest receptionist, it is nothing more nor less than words being spoken, or being projected from some external source, into the mind without his deliberately engaging in the performance of thinking in a sense of originating them. To the adept practitioner it becomes a process whereby he carries on connected and sustained converse with a speaker who is invisible, reaching a point where repartee and badinage may take place. At most and in general ac-



ceptance it is a form of mediumship, often linking the medium with higher and more developed worlds of intellect, only in such instance the medium is continuously conscious of the intercourse.

The capability of thus receiving intelligence seems to function in the non-aware individual as "inspiration." But that would be an awkward and not quite appropriate term to apply to 1,146,000 words recorded on and off over a 28-year period. Be that as it may, we do get the effect upon this mortal plane of hearing upon subjects and about matters that concern higher worlds and evolved states of society.

There are, of course, merits and demerits to such activity and I welcome the opportunity to describe a few of them and make them of title in this record. You notice that throughout the completion of these 156 instructional brochures I have had little or nothing to say about Personal Development of such supersensitive powers, confining myself to delineations of enigmas and problems that perplex the spiritual student on this plane in general. This current Script on Mental Speech gives me opportunity to editorialize a bit on the functionings and oftentimes the annoyances of such auditory gift in particular. Before I embark upon it, may we have our usual Invocation to the Great Instructor, expressing our gratitude for such wisdom as it has been our privilege to receive through such procedures to the moment . .

## I N V O C A T I O N

*By the Chaplain*

BELOVED FATHER-INSTRUCTOR:



WE pause to concentrate our attention on another facet of illumination from the Great Lamp of Truth, we acknowledge the favor that has been turned upon us that its rays have penetrated our Darkness at all. Thou hast decreed, Our Father, that no man is called to endure in that Darkness excepting that he desire it, that all may walk in brightness who turn their faces toward Revelation.

*One hundred forty-sixth*



This decree we identify as the boon that has reached to us. We have developed and matured from the wisdom poured upon us. We have gained to a higher and wider and finer concept of Eternal Truth and celestial realities, in that benevolent instructors have deigned to take note of our hungers for knowledge and generously shared with us that which they have learned by traveling ahead of us.

For all of it we declare our gratitude unto Thee, Our Father. Now we seek to make use of it by sharing it with those who in turn shall have hunger for it. May all of us identify any Divine Blessing as that illumination which becomes obligatory for our sharing with others, never retaining selfishly to ourselves. If there be still more which we should know, grant that it continue to come through the lips of those whose intent toward us is pure, even as we would relay wisdom with an equally pure intent.

This, our prayer, we pray in contriteness, that its substance may identify ourselves in turn for the benefit we would spread up fledgling ages yet to be lighted by such lamps as we have tended . . In our beloved Elder Brother's name, . .

AMEN AND AMEN

## The Responsibility of Intelligence

DEAR SOULCRAFT STUDENT:



HERE seems to be a certain class of person forever with us who stews and gropes to so develop his "finer faculties" that he may be notable in his own right as mentor for eternal verities particularly in the field of psychical achievement. His views on what constitutes psychical achievement are peculiarly his own and usually acquired from a sort of envy of others obviously endowed. I have, in my time, met hundreds of Sensitives with their faculties so ripened—good, bad and indifferent—and come to realize from no small consideration of them that the one major asset of him so endowed can be cooked down to sensible discrimination of that which is worthy to receive and circulate, and that which is worthless and better ignored.

*One hundred forty-sixth*



After twenty-eight years of examination of all types and classes of psychical phenomena, and the transcription of several million words of discourse spoken within my intellect, I am slowly coming to the conviction that the clairaudient talent in which I have specialized is predicated on sound as literal as last night's curfew or this morning's whistle on the local chair-factory calling laborers to another day's realities in the way of employment. The Chinese are reputed to have a dog whistle pitched at so keen a rate of vibration that it is above the normality of the average ear to discern it, although the dog may hear it two miles distant. Clairaudient "sound" may perhaps be analogous.

Time and again I have been harkening to the "voice" of some mentor standing invisibly close to me—so close I could sense his bodily vibrations—when I was conscious of an interruption in his speech not unlike the clearing of the throat of phlegm. On a recent evening up here in 1956 I was listening to the badinage of a youthful friend on the Higher Side when a sensation seemed to reach me that someone had clamped a palm across his mouth, preventing him from uttering some pertinent fact not expedient to let him express. A moment later, when the constriction passed, he explained to me that Daughter Harriet, standing close by, had done that very thing. Harriet had desired, it seemed, that his statements reach my consciousness in a somewhat altered form. And forthwith she took over and proceeded to express it.

**T**HE DESIRE to be clairaudiently adept is an understandable and wholly pardonable ambition. However, as I say, if one's sense of discrimination is not good, and one's integrity of character strong, it may likewise lead to the most lamentable harassments. If one be not operating himself on a high rate of vibration, the most annoying and incessant trash and drivel may be sounded almost continuously in the Inner Ear, chattered by discarnate irresponsibles whose only delight is to behold the effects of their expressions on the speech or behavior of the psychical sensitive on the earthside.

Likewise, if one be deficient in a wide and comprehensive knowledge of higher-plane procedures, one can easily be led into the most atrocious or



ridiculous manias—obsessions we might term them—concerning the “marvelous” attainment of one’s gifts when one’s gifts actually are mediocre. Then again, on another occasion I experienced this odd mental adventure . . . I had been asked by an engineering celebrity back in Manhattan to obtain him some papers, as I might be able, on the broadcasting of electric current without wires, if it were mechanically or cosmicly possible, so that propeller-driven aircraft be turned by electric motors instead of gasoline explosions making for engine vibration throughout the plane. I tried to comply and put the conundrum up to mentors.

Willingly enough, I soon realized, they seemed to be complying. The most abstruse electrical-engineering formula were being recited to me, together with facts about wave-length broadcastings that I sensed must be priceless. I spent a whole evening with my stenographer filling sheets of paper with shorthand transcript till it was time for her to depart the premises.

Thereat I prepared to retire myself, only to discover to my consternation that the “voice” did not stop with the lady’s home-going. It was continuing on and on, delivering more and more priceless data which I realized must be lost owing to my inability to have it caught in translatable pot-hooks. To no avail I protested that the discourse be permitted to lapse until the evening following. Even when I turned out my bedlamp it continued. Not until I deliberately applied my conscious attention to reading myself to sleep could I halt it.

Next evening, when I had the mentor back on the clairaudient wave-length, I begged that he inform me what had occurred the evening earlier. Had he not been aware that my amanuensis had departed the quarters and ended her transcriptions of his converse? Whereat he perturbed me by telling me the following—incidentally supplying me with no small light on what can happen when the extra-sensory perceptions are over-stimulated—

“My dear fellow,” he cautioned me, “what happened last evening was an instance of what can occur when one is doing too much of the strictly psychical communicatings. You are doing too much of such work of late and becoming oversensitized, even dangerously oversensitized. *You did not have me talking to you last night. You did not have anyone talking to you last night.* You tapped suddenly of your own exploit and agency into the



great akashic records of All-Wisdom where we too go to get data when we have specialized problems to solve for our colleagues on your plane, and upon taking it out—or at least taking out such part as would serve your engineering friend—you translated it by conversation to yourself, although assuming all the while that it was coming to you through some wise intermediary.”

SO that sort of thing could happen, I learned. That even my self-dictation had contained priceless data when transcribed, was attested by the engineer in electrodynamics when he forwarded the papers to his company and experiments went forward precisely along the lines secured from such akashic source. *How* I had arrived at such degree of sensitivity, I didn’t know and never learned. But I did take a much-needed rest from continued mental contact with authorities on loftier octaves. Leave the episode for what it may be worth.

It was around such time that I heard and recorded the *Revelation* which follows. I recall that I had been discussing with a New York friend the incredulities of a third party respecting the whole Extra-Sensory process. “Get your notebook!” I adjured my secretary softly. “Someone is pushing into this argument whom I can *hear* but the rest of you can’t *see*.” So in the course of the next twenty minutes, the following was spoken. . .

## THE REVELATION

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN IN MORTALITY:



SYCHICS are not what people think they are. There is too much disposition today to consider Mysticism, Psychological Research, and Occult Practices, all in the same category. Whereas the truth is, that they are three separate and distinct divisions of abnormal phenomena, or the science of mental perception.

This science of mental perception will someday be recognized for what it is:

*One hundred forty-sixth*



a colossal superstructure on which life's behaviorism is largely built.

The science of mental phenomena, or mental perception, which ever you want to call it, is nothing to wonder at. True, all persons are not adepts at practicing it, nor are all people adepts at hearing earthly sounds with the same perceptions as others. But the science of mental perception is nothing to wonder at, simply because certain people can discern what others cannot. Make no mistake about this. It is a fallacy to think that because some people are finely attuned in their physical and mental compositions, that they are necessarily freaks, whereas others who function more along the common mien of physical and mental equipment have something to be thankful for.

Put it in this way: It is all a matter of being able to distinguish what the crowd cannot, and by the crowd we mean the average person, average in turn because he is not willing to admit that anything exists which he cannot perceive with his clumsy senses.

These people argue that life holds enough for them. They are not willing to investigate in any but a skeptical mood as to whether or not their five senses are dependable in showing them all that there is to earthly composition.

We have a class of people in life who take a given delight in fastening on themselves this yoke of mediocrity, which is really a form of stupidity and slough, calling it cleverness. They are clever in that they view, or rather they choose, not to rise above the foundation stones of earthly behavior or see anything above the level of the average intelligence.

We are speaking now of psychical research as a phase of inhibited behaviorism. Way down in their hearts those people who refuse to listen to the arguments advanced in favor of various and sundry psychical phenomena are victims of an insidious fear. They hold that humankind must be judged by its attainments *en masse* and that things not discovered and enjoyed by humanity *en masse* are not to be employed, or enjoyed at the price of eccentricity, and perhaps worse. They want to think that humankind evolves *en masse* because it gives them a feeling of security in their individual persons.

Daring souls who are really responsible for social evolution by setting



standards in advance of general progress, are never worried whether or not they are conformers to the rest of humankind in any sort of attainments. They plunge ahead in their experimentation for the employment of their faculties in advance forms and let the rest of humankind follow as it will.

WE ARE not interested in Psychical Research as such because the very essence of it postulates skepticism. It is impossible to go far in any sort of research without gradually learning rules and regulations, recipes and formulas. This must be proven by that; we must have evidence here that is irrefutable and arguments there that cannot be gainsaid. And all to what purpose? Simply that they can go out and convince someone else, who may not be worth convincing because his attainments are so poor that if he were worth it he would have made the effort for himself and arrived at much better conclusions.

Now listen to this: *The things of spirit are something else again.* While it is true that super-perceptions are usually phases of a highly developed spiritual status, it does not necessarily follow that every person with a rare mental equipment is spiritual of character. We have a condition in life where people have been known to express themselves with the most astonishing success on spiritual matters who were not at all psychic. And we have had conditions in life where others were so psychic that they could make their bread and butter at it, employing it for others without in the least realizing its spiritual consequences.

People who are psychic have gifts, it is true, but not necessarily spiritual gifts. They are gifts of mental concentration and biological organism. Taking them by and large, they are persons of extraordinary physical equipment with certain glands developed within themselves that act much in the manner of radio tubes to receive external impressions. One might as well talk of one's radio being spiritual as to think that all psychics are people of rare character.



SO WE are not interested in psychics *as* psychics, any more than we are interested in radios as so many dials and spools of wire attached to a photocell that is attached in turn to a battery. We know the radio *works*. We accept it as a radio, subject to certain laws and principles of electrical projection and reception. But what comes *over* the radio we are vitally interested in.

You don't have to prove to anyone that your radio works, or even that you possess one. When you walk into the street and tell a friend what the President has just said in a speech in Washington, if you have just heard it over the air, he takes up his newspaper that night and gets it in the public press. You told him what the President said within a few moments of his speaking it, with 600 miles intervening, which seems to postulate that your radio did work.

Now if your radio works, by what law are you called to go out to the mass and waste time and energy arguing that there is such a thing as radio, explaining the mechanisms of broadcasting and reception, just because your neighbor does not own a radio, before repeating to him what you have just heard from the President's lips?

True, there was a time in radio's inception when humankind in general professed to be awed at the fact that radio was possible. The man in the street looked upon it as a freak toy, as he first looked at the telephone, the automobile, the first electric light. He refused to believe that it could possibly be practical, it was freakish and bizarre and owned by a person who had time to give to nonsense. In the course of the last few years, however, radio became of universal distribution and humankind is now so blasé about it that instead of visiting a neighbor's house to hear a radio, you now stay away from a neighbor's house in order *not* to hear it—and we often commend your good judgment.

This, however, is the point we are trying to make: As we are not radio engineers, we are interested in our radios only because they render us a service in connecting us with certain sources and origins of sound in the form of music or information, making us more efficient persons in our lives and functions. By the same token there is no sense in becoming psychical engineers and yet we know there are persons who have the extraordinary



equipment to tune in on sources and origins of other sounds that bring beneficial results in life and character.

YOU ask us how one *knows* that he has this equipment. We say to you as we say to the friend about the President's speech: Consider the context of what is received over the mechanism, and by the same argument that listening to a jazz band would undoubtedly delight first listeners to the radio, others consider they have reached that point in radio ownership where they want something more profound than musical nonsense. So they turn the dials of their mental radio and tune into great intelligences speaking in and across the ether.

Now humanity may scoff at such a statement. It may say: If there are Great Intelligences broadcasting promiscuously in the ether, why do not we as representative organisms derive from them also? Why cannot we hear as others maintain they hear, with our naked ears?

We say to them: Can you hear a symphony orchestra in Chicago being played in this room at this moment? Strains of it are there, all about them in profusion; all can wait in their seats while a friend goes out after a portable radio set, puts it on the table, works the dials, gets the proper connection, and soon each and every person in the room is aware that an orchestra is playing in Chicago by hearing strains right there in the room that a moment before seemed absolutely devoid of sound.

Is it not equally as intelligent to accept that if the strains of the music playing within the room from the brassy throats of a few clarinets and saxophones a thousand miles away can be heard through the agency of that portable radio set, that the Music of the Spheres is likewise playing in any given room from a million miles distant?

No one can admit the one and deny the other. You cannot admit that a set of crude coils of wire, dials of zinc, glass vacuum tubs, etc. are superior in construction to the human faculties. No machine ever made has yet begun to approximate the capacities of the human organism.

These things are not to be overlooked. You are in an age of radio, but biological science and psychical researchers have not yet awakened to the fact that every man and woman's head contains two ductless glands which



bear a perfect resemblance to the functioning of the tubes in a mechanical radio. By the same token that no one can get reception from a radio, no matter how many tubes they may have nor how perfectly they work, until the rest of the mechanism is in perfect alignment, and functioning, so no one should expect their mental radio to work without the proper assembly of all the other factors.

You say to us, how do we know such a mental radio works? We say to you, behold what you receive over it. You say to us: Yes, but how do we know it comes from the broadcasting of some supernal intelligence outside of ourselves? We say to you: This is the reason: We are not telling you what a mere President has said in Washington, we are writing and printing what we have received, and if it had not been of considerable consequence to date, no one would be interested in having read thus far in these supernal manuscripts sent through your Recorder.

**T**HIS may sound like egotism, coming from us who do the broadcasting, and it would be egotism if we took any credit to ourselves as being different from what you are, or especially favored in any capacity. We refute any such assumption on anybody's part.

There are those who are able to pick up our mental broadcasts who have begun to tell people truthfully some of the things they are receiving nightly over what may be called the mental radio. You may say to us, what sort of things? We can pick out two or three thousand pages which many of you have already read and remarked upon, of material so far advanced over your modern social intelligence that to release it now in its present form would make scarcely any impression whatever on the general public. Here and there a person of advanced intelligence would marvel or be benefitted. The average man would not know what was being talked about.

We refer to such subjects as the True Composition and Structure of Light, the Meaning of the Cosmos as great intelligences have conceived it, the true reasons behind natural phenomena, the delineation of Beauty and Art and what both represent in the advancement of the race.

These statements place us at a disadvantage in the mere making of them, yet there are persons on your side who know that we are not exaggerating,



that they have received what they say we have sent them, under orders to disseminate their intelligence in capsule form over a period of time as humanity is willing and ready to receive it and digest it.

People in general want information made simple, truth diluted and administered in doses that require little energy to take. We had formerly dictated to your Recorder a 300-page book on Internationalism and Political Economy that had brought forth praise from persons who had read it, without the Recorder having ever read a book on political economy in his life. He wondered with good sense as to whether it was worth his while publishing it, due to the fact that few were interested in political economy or internationalism of the right sort, although Great Intelligences cooperated in the composition of the work, people whose names are large in history.

But suppose he had said to a reporter on one of your newspapers like *The New York Times*: "Professor Millikin in California might spend an hour at the telephone giving me an advanced paper on Cosmic Rays, which would be cheerfully accepted by the public as having been phoned from California. The same thing could even come by private wireless from across country. *The New York Times* would undoubtedly report what I thus offered from Dr. Millikin himself through myself. And yet material which I could not possibly have written because I lack the erudition and training, experience and judgment, is produced from my pen and everyone tries to find out some natural means, meaning some matter-of-fact agency, by which I could have done it, taking my explanation with the tongue in the cheek saying: "If you can take down whole books clairaudiently, prove it by letting us do the same thing and we will believe that it is a certainty."

We submit that the President's message reported to friends two minutes after delivery postulated that radio reception was a fact, that the person getting it owned such a machine, that he knew how to adjust it to get such reception. We submit that a 300-page book on advanced political economy and an interpretation of Internationalism which has not yet become effective, is proof that mental radio exists, that your Recorder as a case in point has acquired one, and that it functions as it should.

But by no manner of means do we say to you that you cannot go and purchase a radio and hear the President for yourselves and tell others about



it. And by no manner of means do we deny any one the privilege of acquiring a mental radio and doing the same thing in other forms of broadcasting.

You may not want to take down books on political economy. You may be content to listen to jazz. Nonetheless, to say that you do not own a radio and that therefore radios do not exist, is not only silly but the negation of the very thing that might become the biggest in your life.

You do not need cabinets and mediums and queer lights and levitating trumpets to prove that we exist or that your loved ones are still in existence.

*Tune in with your mental radio and listen to their voices.*

You don't need to have erudite professors expound to you the basis of electrodynamics in order to turn dials that bring you the speech of an Eden or Dwight Eisenhower. You don't need to spend time in seance rooms arguing whether this or that is possible. Throw your skepticism out of the window, and admit the imponderable to arrive at the ponderable. Admit that dynamics exist and function and spend your real time in learning where the stations are upon your mental dials, nothing more.

We tell you in sober fact that we know of people who can actually *hear* the thought-voices of loving friends whom science calls "dead". All that has been done is to find the proper alignment of dials on their receiving equipment which Nature has given to them when they were born, and by lying back in a chair they can recount to stenographers by the hour what they are hearing, of the most profound essence.

**P**EOPLE do not *die*! At least their intelligences do not die. When you can converse with them intelligently, as your Recorder is doing with us at this instant, and have them talk answers back to you, it should be ample attestation that our statements are true, especially if such answers contain matter that they could not possibly originate or fabricate.

Now then, what is the practical application of all this to the job of writing or living? We think it quite plain. Let yourself be called freakish, fanatical, unbalanced, any derogatory term that others in their ignorance may choose to apply to you. But do not hesitate if you own such equipment, to say so to the public. True, similar equipment, or possession of it, hasn't yet been



uncovered by society *en masse*. There is not as yet a little mental-radio in every home. But what of that? You are always after the means for personal improvement. Why not install one in your own?

Many of you can remember when you were younger, and graphophones were the order of the day, that most neighborhoods held one affluent old man who had acquired one of the "new-fangled talking machines" and who rode the hobby of buying all the new wax records as they appeared. He usually opened his sitting-room windows of a summer's night, pointed the horn at the neighborhood, and let the brassy, scratchy thing edify his neighbors till midnight. The fence outside his sitting-room window probably held a fair-sized group evening after evening, open-mouthed people asking themselves what invention would turn out next.

Nevertheless, if you will recall correctly, you remember that the fanatical old gentleman, his vanity pleased that his home was thus equipped, was generally looked upon as something of an eccentric and a crank, spending so much money on new records and so much time listening to them.

Every innovation in human affairs has its similar fanatics until, as you say on the earth-plane, it "catches on". But it so happens that there are those with whom we are in contact, privileged to have hit on the right combination on their personal dials so that over a period of time, mental radio may "catch on" in your generation, be taken out of the scientific toy class, and not be considered the hobby of cranks.

What shall be said, however, for those who deliberately and intentionally gum up their equipment, spoil their own combinations, make havoc of their own mechanisms, and make their lives so out of tune with the higher broadcasting stations that nothing can possibly be received, and then acclaim in grandiose impertinence: "See! there's no such thing, and if anyone says there *is*, he belongs in an asylum!"

**WE** ARE not going into this further tonight. We have not meant to convince anyone that the mental radio works. We are not called upon to do that. We much prefer to find the person whose mental radio is in excellent working order and talk to him as we are doing at the present moment.



But if any of you are interested to make a study of this phenomenon, this is what we would say to you: Don't expect to get it from somebody else; don't think that because another man tells you that he has it, that he is lying; don't think that mental phenomena are peculiar to any one person or class of persons, or aren't of universal application. Don't think that you can't hear just as plainly as the next man or woman if you will clear the static out of the air and rely on imponderable principles to give you your reception.

We cannot tune your radio for you. Mental phenomena is different from mechanical radio in this: the same sending station is never in the same place on the dials for any two persons. Don't let yourselves be fooled by sophisms. By that we mean, don't think that you must live some queer form of monastic life, or eat nothing but turnips, and live on watered milk, in order to exercise powers as God given as your senses of taste or smell. Keep to the middle path of temperate living in everything you do. And by the way, this goes for your thinking as well, on these subjects. Live a well-rounded life with plenty of love in it for your fellow man.

We are not sentimentalists when we tell you that constructively externalized Love is the battery which you hitch up to your supersenses, to tune in onto supernal discharges of intelligence. Be calm in your heart and trust your intuitions. Your intuitions are the first indication that you are close to exactly the reception clairaudiently that we are speaking about. Let us put it in this way—

Every man and woman in mortal life constantly has what is commonly called Hunches. What do you imagine Hunches are? Will you believe us when we say that most of your hunches and premonitions are nothing but the literal voices of your friends in the higher forms of Matter advising you what they think you should do, but which you are receiving as complete mental impressions?

We are going to tell you that all of you have a voice of some nature speaking in your heads constantly. Sometimes it speaks consciously to you, sometimes it speaks subconsciously, sometimes it says things to you in totality. You think it is some psychological reaction, and in a measure it is. It is something deeper, however.



It may be your clairaudient powers beginning to stir and show response to eternal stimuli. That stimuli, properly and sympathetically received, does what? It becomes acclimated in your organism, so to speak. It learns the parts and pieces of your equipment so as to render an accomplished piece of work in intelligent transmission of thought after a time. Suddenly your hunches take the form of phrases and words and sentences. Then what happens? The hour will arrive when you can lie back with a questioning intelligence and hear the whole voice speaking to you connectedly and concretely, giving you ideas and developments in hypotheses that your own soul tells you is not being manufactured within your organism.

Practice makes perfect in this line of activity as in any other. You will have ideas presented to you for discussion where you can take one side of the discourse and a separate intelligence will carry on the other. The voice will grow so loud that after a time it can speak to you on the street, like that of a friend coming up behind you.

We are divulging no secrets when we say that your subconscious minds are not what psychologists think. Nor are your ductless glands what your psychologists think. They are two great pieces of equipment for tuning into universal intelligence and drawing down expositions of natural phenomena into your own conscious concepts. And take our assurance for it, you can tune in pretty high.

We are telling you soberly that we know from the context of the matter we have broadcast and that you have received, that there are persons who tune in on the spoken audible speech of the Great Teacher of Nazareth, as His voice manifests at this moment, though where He is, and what He says, is not for present discussion.

But you can no more prove all of this scientifically than you can prove scientifically what the force was that first birthed your planet! Yet after all, why need such irrefutable proof be necessary? All things great are judged solely by their works. And this even goes for God Himself!

"Great men," said your Ralph Waldo Emerson, "are those who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, *that thoughts rule the world!*"



# THE COMMENTARY

DEAR FELLOW STUDENTS:



ADMIT that all the foregoing doesn't tell us *how* to be clairaudient. But coming right down to it, could such a thing be achieved? could anyone come to us on this earth-side and tell us how to hear with our ears? We simply go ahead and hear by the simple process of first having ears provided us by Nature and Nature's God. By similar token, Nature and Nature's God have provided us with "inner tympana" for the registration of sound above the terrestrial but if a given individual does not have sensitivity, why reprove him?

One young woman I met in New York in the early '30s was as sensitive a clairaudient as I've ever confronted. By some peculiar twirk of psychology, however, she chose to believe that the truly stupendous messages she received were strictly the product of her own subliminal mind. "When I give my subconscious free rein," she said to me, "it dictates material quite on a par with anything you've caught and called *Golden Scripts*."

I said to her, "Okay, go ahead and prove to me it's your subliminal mind." She couldn't and admitted it. She asked me what else it could be? I said, "An externalized voice speaking to you that registers on your intellect precisely as subconsciousness puts ideas in your conscious." But it wasn't till several days later when I brought her a statement from a celebrated psychologist up in Columbia University that "the subconscious never thinks" as an intellectual process, that she came face to face with the actuality of a gift she had always deprecated as natural.

The Subconscious of itself never thinks! It may remember, and it may associate ideas, but constructive intellectualism is outside of its province. That is the *function* of the Conscious.

The logical alternative to all of it is to let the intelligence manifest in any manner that it desires. If overwhelming thoughts come to you, or out-of-this-world logic, get them on paper with minimum dispatch. Ten to one



it isn't your Subconscious at all but a Mentor taking personal interest in your affairs. When you get into a trenchant examination of the Subconscious and know it for what it truly is—as many of the advanced Fellowship Students are now doing—you recognize that it is naught but a functioning of the External Mind-You. Separate it from yourself, so to speak, and give it individuality, and what you'll be doing is empowering it to gallop to unprecedented heights with you—or *for* you. Then you'll become noted as being clairaudient with a vengeance. It doesn't cost anything at any rate to take that view of it.

that counts. It should stand on its own feet. And if it does, why need you be so shockingly astounded? . .

## The Divine Teacher Speaks



**M**Y DEARLY Beloved: Let us be thankful unto the Father who hath given us our destinies: let us be grateful unto the Host that accordeth to each one of us his role of fulfillment.

Have ye accorded me recognition before men in your speech? Behold I do accord you peace and power to make that speech effective.

But counsel yourselves against dark memories that would wrack you: seek sense of precept: let the moment be sufficient unto the burden of its utterance.

Behold ye do arise in many market-places and attest me, when I am the Voice that singeth from your tongues; I do use you as media; verily do I enter into the bodies and hearts of friends who are clean, to give men the holy attestment.

Behold there are those among you who do dwell with me in one body in divers times when they know not of my presence.





Seek ye no tongues; I give them unto you. Seek ye no avenues of escape from utterance, I supply you with wordage that appalleth the occasions. Abide ye in me and in my love manifesting: I protect you from consequences of verbal mishaps; verily do I guard you when lips and tongues would stumble.

Say it with courage: sing a glad song: We are loved by Our Father, we do praise Him from the housetops;

We go forth mightily upon our missions together, fighting that which is of darkness; we make the world to see our faces, mayhap men see our faces as of angels incarnate.

Thus are we renowned for that which is our essence!

Beloved, I adjure you: See God's face in all. Tell it from the housetops, Our beloved Lord hath entered. . . . His bright chariot hath rolled up to us! . . . a thousand years He reigneth and His scepter ennobleth us!

Verily it shall be so. Ye shall greet the destined purpose of the endurance now weighting you.

Are ye heavy-laden with burdens of Spirit? Have ye not heard me say Peace unto those that know such weightings, that I bring you a comforter . . . the holy dove of understanding?

My servants tell you aright of yourselves;

These are the things that are good and profitable unto men: that they shall dwell in kindly service each unto others, that they shall harken unto the voice of Him who addresseth from above them, that they shall do that which is pleasing in the sight of that Host watching over them, that they shall make provision for themselves out of the hearts of their neighbors and not from their purses.

Let it be known that ye do work as comrades, walking uprightly before the Lord of the Harvest, making no pretenses of hypocritical demeanor, serving humankind in that ye do love it even as I.

Vast is the host of those that do watch you, in that ye have precept, in that ye do practice that which is your precept.

Know that I come when that which is Written hath come to pass, not before, not after, but on the moment.

Pray ye for your souls' errands in a universe made of Light Eternal, yet



ofttimes a universe shot through with shadows; insomuch as ye have fear of that which is eternal, so are ye doomed to give grief unto the Godhead. Nature hath her laws, heaven hath its processes. I tell you the dead shall bury their dead but the alive in the Father shall know a great freedom. Life hath been given you for this: that ye shouldst know the immortal by suffering the mortal; the ways of the transgressor are for those who have transgressed, that by their transgression their wisdom shall be wondrous. Serve ye one another with implorings and with preachings, until that which hath been promised shall have become a goodly fact.

Arise and make obeisance unto that which is Godlike, that your lights may so shine before me that the plaudits of the just ones shall be as a thanksgiving that ye have made your ministries.

There is no endearment that cometh not of me: there is no beseechment that hath not blessing in it: there is no antagonism that resteth not in profit. Inasmuch as ye have heard it said, I protect you from all sorrow, so have ye heard it that blessings rest on him who accepteth flesh with joyousness. Even as ye have heard it said, Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest, so have ye heard it that as ye seek rest from the strivings of temptations, verily are ye weakened from that which strengtheneth wisdom.

Halt, and be peaceful. Rest, and be tranquil. Bear with one another and let your staffs be mercy.

Greater exhortations issue from the Spirit than any I have uttered.


And when ye be tempted to bait the far morrow, cherish the thought that the present is golden; it holdeth your spirit unto eternity, for verily what is it but eternity itself?

Let this be your peace—that foreknowledge is an archer, but concernment for the future is the arrow which ever woundeth . .

PEACE



# The New Creed



**E**RROR moves in cycles; Truth moves in spirals. Ignorance lags in stalemates; Wisdom rolls in billows. Every few hundred years the religions of the world become formalized. When the heartbeat of Spirit is at its lowest rate, then comes Truth anew, flashed unto humankind as a beacon in vast darkness ✠ Always it is the same Doctrine, though it wear a score of guises: Man lives many lives on earth and thereby perfects himself to know the Heavens of Higher Octaves. Spirit is eternal, existing both ways from the present. Consciousness grows to self-knowledge through function. Pain is ennobling; suffering is valorous. High above humanity hover Great Avatars; they shepherd the nations from suicidal excess even as they keep the babe from the cliff-edge ✠ Potentates of Valor arise and combat the allegation that such excellencies are heresies. Humanity slays them, but in slaying them it profits them. Martyrs are troglodytes, learning to be Saviors ✠ Who shall say where and when the Doctrine shall appear afresh? The Voice may speak from a Burning Bush on a Midian hillside or from the mysteries of Clairaudience in the attic of a city ✠ God is not anywhere. God is Everywhere! As for the Kingdom of Heaven, it is not to be found outside your own graciousness ✠ Thus the Liberation Doctrine—scroll unto freedom! Old worlds disintegrate, old fetishes wobble; out of the womb of Time and Change is born the fresh majesty of Wisdom Ennobled ✠ God be merciful unto the least of us, for we are the Bigoted, enraged at proffered splendors ✠



# Valor

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